Bul. My heart will ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps
Eſteeme a ſoyle wherein thou art to ſet,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Nay rather euery tedious ſtride I make,
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourney-man to griefe?
Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen viſites,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy neceſſitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſſitie:
Thinke not the King did baniſh thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee foorth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or ſuppoſe
Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comeſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds Muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy ſteps, no more
Then a delightfull meaſure, or a daunce,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite
The man that mockes at it and ſets it light.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good

Giue but the grea
Fell ſorrowes toot
Then when it bite
Gaunt. Come c
Had I thy youth a
Bul. Then Eng
My Mother and
Where ere I wand
Though baniſht y

Enter the Kin

King. Wee did ob
How farre brough
Aum. I brough
But to the next hi
King. And ſay,
Aum. Faith no
Which then blew
Awakt the ſleepie
Did grace our hol
King. What ſaid
Au. Farewell, &
ſhould ſo prophan
To counterfaite o
That words ſeemd
Marry would the
And added yeeres
He ſhould haue ha
But ſince it would
King. He is our
When time ſhall c
Whether our kinſ
Our ſelfe and Buſh
Obſerued his cour
How he did ſeeme
With humble and
With reuerence he